

Reports on the Effects Long-Term Participation In The Monroe Institute Programs

Participant E

How does the Spirit move across the Face of the Earth?

The Story of Participant E

She was adopted as an infant by a couple who were as different as night and day. The father was a strong, out-going man from a poor, immigrant family who took on the world with gusto and gumption. His was going to be “a rags to riches” story, which never materialized. And along the way he met a woman with strong southern roots and high society means. It was the story of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O’Hara all over again. But once they were married, they could not conceive children. It was a shameful thing for her mother to admit she was unable to bear children and the pain was almost too much for her to bear. Even when her minister advised adoption, it became the lesser of two evils given the importance of her family tree and its bloodline. And yet her father encouraged this with unbounded enthusiasm typical of his approach to life’s challenges. It was a context that as a child left her deeply divided. Her father loved to tell her stories and “was always hugging me.” She noted that he “had a golden energy and was wise beyond his education.”

But it was a different experience with her mother. She was very distant, critical, and harsh in her treatment of her daughter. “My mother would never acknowledge my presence when we were in a room together and she could hardly stand to touch me.” Her mother’s treatment left deep wounds. Even though she found her father a source of strength and caring concern, she found she was forever trying to please her mother to no avail. It was primarily this experience that led her to say, “I had an unhappy childhood. I would look happy on the outside so as not to let anyone know.”

What is on the Other Side of the Rainbow?

Engagement of Multiple Intelligences

I was always active, always exploring. I played cowboys and Indians with the neighbors. I had a very active imagination [. . .] created places in our yard for building forts and pathways. I imagined the world of King Arthur and the intrigues that took place at court.

- Opera Singer – performed at the MET in New York – and song writer in her early career.

- Started and currently runs a management consulting practice with her partner.
- Author of short stories, poetry, and scholarly articles/books.
- Teaching and public speaking as a consultant in the field of organization development.
- Softball, basketball, track and field, and field hockey in school. Currently a stable of horses.

Other Personal Development Activities

Trained as a singer and continue to do breathing exercises everyday, and also Trained in Reiki.

Compassion for Oneself and Others

- I was adopted as an infant and raised by a mother who couldn't have children. I believe she felt shame given the importance of lineage in her family. She could hardly touch me and would seldom acknowledge me when I was in the room. I had a real aversion to being touched as a result of my upbringing.

Sense of "Being Called" To Be Present with Others

- Growing up my sister beat me. She was unhappy and ensured that my life was unhappy as well. We had never resolved that. Yet, when she had part of her brain removed I took her on as my responsibility, and had continued to do so for ten years.
- She was a child, half of her body was paralyzed, and a chunk of her face had been eaten out by cancer. I recalled an earlier conversation with my partner about what my expectations were for the world, for the Universe and had responded, "I expect a world, a Universe that is generous and compassionate." One day while I sat in my bed at the Monroe Institute, I realized that indeed I had been generous with my sister, but I had not been compassionate. I could barely manage to visit every couple of weeks, did not want to touch her, and could not stand the smell of her. I had had conversations to help her grow when we were younger, but now I wanted to keep my distance.
- I called my partner, and the next day after arriving home from TMI we drove the four hours to the nursing home, and I spent time with her. I took Hemi Sync, the "Going Home" series, and began that trek with her, using Reiki energy to help protect her when she called out: "A man, a man, an evil man!" and going with her as she smiled in greeting to our mom and dad, whom she could see and I could not. The next few months I tried to visit as often as possible and continued to work through the series. The weekend before she passed we finished, and she wanted to hear Bob's words over and over and over again. "Yes" she would whisper from a barely recognizable face above 60 pounds of broken bones stretching distorted skin when Bob said, "You hear and you understand." And when it was time to leave, I pulled her hair back on her forehead, I kissed her, and I told her I loved her. And when she was gone, I grieved. I call it a joyous grieving, for I grieved for someone who I had considered the bane of my life. And I thanked her for helping to make me who I am. Tears come down my cheeks

now as I recall and write these events. Every aspect of my life has been surfaced and considered, even my very birth relived, and now much before this life, even to the form and shape that has waited dormant in my "basement."

- There is so much unfolding still to occur, so much to learn, so much to experience. Every day I live my life there is some new learning, some new feeling to share with my larger self, some new insight to pass along, some new challenge to grab hold of, and so much love!

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Compassion for Oneself and Others

- I came to realize I needed to find my own path towards wholeness. I could become an incredible thief or I could become a great person.

Reflections

TMI was about helping take the ego out of my effort at achieving integration or wholeness.

to work on being loved.